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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. AND A. STRAHAN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1928 L

THE

POEMS

OF

POPE.

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THE

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28 X 428

AN
ESSAY
ON
SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. WARBURTON,

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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PART

PART I.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow ſped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in Yours and Britain's Heart:
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious Britain!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn:
And Snake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.
But You, O Warburton! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a pure Delight;
You viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
Satire's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;

Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence His and Satire's generous End.
In every breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion One, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Power reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.
Thus Heaven in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in Folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With raptures hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful Shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd Subſtance quits the true;
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every Praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious Nature plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in every heart,
Each Power that ſovereign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.

Like

Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.
  And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is perverted Shame.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, intereſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treacherous Chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The Dæmon Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The World will call you Fool."
  Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driven,
Believes and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heaven.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a Coward, and a Brave to God.
  Faith, Juſtice, Heaven itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd Heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte Lucretia's Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.

Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence Satire's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes towering Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Power,
Though oft ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And every foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane:
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd Bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poiſonous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles!
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Power too ſtrong.

Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain,
But Satire's Shaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a ruling Paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the battery of his pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns Dutcheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave,

Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satire's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heaven.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Though ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit Satire moſt:
Folly the Laureat's, Vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where 's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful, is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal:
Though folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

RE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
s ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
rt applauſe in theſe degenerate days:
lain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
hief, be ſteady in a noble end,
w Mankind that Truth has yet a friend,
an for empty praiſe of wit to write,
lings grin to ſhew their teeth are white:
id a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
ly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
ibly vile, when, but to prove your art,
an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
) honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
iend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
viſher, from innocence to tear
ime, than liberty, than life more dear!
ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
: repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
ow, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
il Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil:
ge retorted, wing the deadly dart;
pty all its poiſon in thy heart.
caution next, the dangerous power apply;
e's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
re then her proper object know,
: ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.

Nor

Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo Shafteſbury rears her high on Reaſon's throne
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the Ideot Guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd, becauſe they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a Fool, becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the Land
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her power divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall wi
And Coxcombs vanquiſh Berkeley by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad Adventurer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.
Though diſtant Times may riſe in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent Age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falſify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in Irony's tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style Clodius honourable, Bufa chaſte.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter mo
The Knave exults: to ſmile, is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what meaſures to each Theme belong
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:

In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades,
And carries off the captive King—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid;
When crimes, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the Skies:
Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains Parnaſſus' height,
Not lofty Epic ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet Satire oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene!
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees Yorke to fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to every virtue, but his own;
Hears unſtain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A Sage's, Critic's, and a Poet's name:
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To Hagley's honour'd ſhade directs her view;
And culls each flower to form a Wreath for you.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dangerous grou
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native luſtre that muſt ſhine;
The Poet can but ſet it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A ſordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

1

c the Muſe by Satire's Law confin'd:
eſcription of the nobleſt kind.
the Landſcape may deſign,
he purple evening in the line:
thought eſſays a higher plan;
elineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
he toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
e heart, and catch internal grace;
Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Wolſey or a Cromwell riſe;
a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Cheſterfield's or Lonſdale's mind.
or ſtrong may every Colour flow,
pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
l ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
ach ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH Ages thus has Satire keenly ſhin'd
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er a ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next, avenging Satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he ſported, drove it to the heart.
In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.

ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
bold Juvenal's exalted page,
hty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
ept audacious greatneſs to its doom;
dlong torrent, thundering from on high,
e proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
fatal Victor of Mankind,
Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
ntleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
t the Spring, and ravage every flower:
arous Millions ſpread contagious death:
kening Laurel wither'd at their breath.
uperſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
ger Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
lneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
pirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
ght was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.
ength, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
d in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
ad thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
ne—See great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
ounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
in the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
ll her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
hame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
wn the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.
as then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
it harmonious, though his Rhyme was proſe:

He 'midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine:
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkie
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Power, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:

Fanc

nd Senſe to form his line conſpire,
ıltleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.
e, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile,
wer her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
or Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
ters every Poet's power in one:
ıman's force adorns his various page;
les, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
ng Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
tres vaniſh at approaching light:
lear Mirror with delight we view
age juſtly fine, and boldly true:
e, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
and hates her own deformity;
lf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
ɔdeſt joys ſurveys her form divine.
what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
ly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
nder Stars effulgence can diſplay,
e dip his pencil in the ray?
ınt a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
tch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
ıty Pope, to make thy Genius known,
ɛr is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
ıſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
tchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
l enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:

With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart:
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulphurous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintery Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
Thy Genius was indeed a Gift from Heaven.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did Friendſhip e'er miſlead thy wandering Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Error

Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.
Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton, inſpir'd by You,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid her Country's glory fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair Truth, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but thine.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN
ESSAY
ON
MAN:
TO
H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) "come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms," I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering Man in the abſtract, his Nature, and his State; ſince, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpoſe of its being.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The diſputes are all upon theſe laſt; and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the wits than the hearts of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible,

and

and in forming a temperate yet not inconſiſtent, and a ſhort yet not imperfect, ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but it is true; I found I could expreſs them more ſhortly this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their conciſeneſs. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

A

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the Univerſe.

OF Man in the abſtract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own ſyſtem, being ignorant of the relations of ſyſtems and things, ver. 17. &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being ſuited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends, ver. 77. &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to

more

more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and m
The impiety of putting himſelf in the place of God
judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection o
perfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations
109, &c. V. The abſurdity of conceiting himſe
final cauſe of the creation, or expecting that perf
in the moral world, which is not in the natural,
131, &c. VI. The unreaſonableneſs of his comp
againſt Providence, while on the one hand he den
the Perfection of the Angels, and on the other th
dily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to p
any of the ſenſitive faculties in a higher degree, v
render him miſerable, ver. 173, &c. VII.
throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſ
der and gradation in the ſenſual and mental fac
is obſerved, which cauſes a ſubordination of cr
to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The
dations of ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, re
that Reaſon alone countervails all the other fac
ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this orde
ſubordination of living creatures may extend,
and below us; were any part of which broke
that part only, but the whole connected creation
be deſtroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravag
madneſs, and pride of ſuch a deſire, ver. 250.
The conſequence of all the abſolute ſubmiſſio
to Providence, both as to our preſent and future
ver. 281, &c. to the end.

EPIS

EPISTLE I.

'AKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings,
(ſince Life can little more ſupply
uſt to look about us, and to die)
ate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
hty maze! but not without a plan;
d, where weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot:
rden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
ıer let us beat this ample field,
hat the open, what the covert yield!
tent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
ıture's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
ıtch the Manners living as they riſe:
where we muſt, be candid where we can;
ıdicate the ways of God to man.
ay firſt, of God above, or Man below,
:an we reaſon, but from what we know?
n, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
which to reaſon, or to which refer?
gh worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
ırs to trace him only in our own.
ıo through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
rlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
e how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
other planets circle other ſuns,

What

What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade;
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reaſoning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.

in, who here ſeems principal alone,
ɔs acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
ies ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
ut a part we ſee, and not a whole.
ien the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtraine
ry courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
r a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
tions, paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
doing, ſuffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
en ſay not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
ther, Man's as perfect as he ought:
nowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
me a moment, and a point his ſpace.
ie perfect in a certain ſphere,
matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
ileſt to-day is as completely ſo,
ho began a thouſand years ago.
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
ut the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:

From

VARIATIONS.

former Editions, ver. 64.
w wears a garland an Ægyptian God.
ver. 68. the following lines in the firſt Edition.
to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
hat matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
ie bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
who began ten thouſand years ago.

From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

Ver. 93. in the firſt Folio and Quarto,

What bliſs above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs below.

His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or miſky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watery waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reaſoning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.

Pride

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the firſt Edition;

But does he ſay the Maker is not good,
Till he 's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd;
Himſelf alone high Heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk for what end the heavenly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind Nature wakes her genial power;
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out every flower;
"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe, renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
"My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
"And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhowers and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wiſe.

]

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he whoſe hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reaſoning ſprings;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The general Order, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And, little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears,
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the powers of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that blemiſh
not to act or think beyond mankind;
o powers of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
ut what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Vhy has not Man a microſcopic eye?
or this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
ay what the uſe, were finer optics given,
' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heaven
r touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
'o ſmart and agonize at every pore?
r quick effluvia darting through the brain,
ie of a roſe in aromatic pain?
f nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
nd ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſphere:
low would he wiſh that Heaven had left him
he whiſpering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Vho finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
like in what it gives, and what denies?

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From poiſonous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How Inſtinct varies in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reaſoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſeparate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The powers of all ſubdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,

From

VARIATION.

Ver. 238. Ed. 1ſt.
Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior powers
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs through the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;

Warms

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heaven beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood:
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATION.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God, when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF
EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, as an Individual.

I. THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reaſon, both neceſſary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the ſtronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the ſame, ver. 81, &c. III. The Paſſions, and their uſe, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Paſſion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident: What is the Office of Reaſon, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious Vice in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How uſeful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every ſtate, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
eing darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
h too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
h too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
ıangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
oubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
oubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
ı but to die, and reaſoning but to err;
.e in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
:ther he thinks too little, or too much:
)s of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
ted half to riſe, and half to fall;
:t lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
), wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct

VARIATIONS.

2. Ed. 1ſt.
ıe only ſcience of Mankind is Man.
r ver. 18. in the MS.
r more perfection than this ſtate can bear
vain we ſigh, Heaven made us as we are.
; wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
) be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame

He

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

Co

VARIATIONS.

He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither knew nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
Till ſet on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reaſoning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, &c.

Ver. 21. Edit. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wandering planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

d he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
ıe or fix one movement of his Mind?
ıw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
ı his own beginning, or his end;
what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
:k'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
ıen his own great work is but begun,
Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
:e Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
rip off all her equipage of Pride;
: what is but Vanity or Dreſs,
rning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
ks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
urious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
ge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
our Vices have created Arts;
ee how little the remaining ſum,
ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!
Two Principles in human nature reign;
ve, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
is a good, nor that a bad we call,
vorks its end, to move or govern all:
› their proper operation ſtill,
e all Good, to their improper Ill.
·love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man,

VARIATION.

5. Ed. firſt.

ſd he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
:ribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
o mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
lain his own beginning, or his end?

Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and adviſe.
Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon 's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.

VARIATION.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, though ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions,

VARIATION.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no powerful guſts ariſe!

Paſſions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different ſenſes, different objects ſtrike;
Hence different Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrengt
S

VARIATION.

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

l mingled with his very frame,
s diſeaſe, its ruling Paſſion came;
ıumour, which ſhould feed the whole,
to this, in body and in ſoul:
varms the heart, or fills the head,
d opens, and its functions ſpread,
ı plies her dangerous art,
it all upon the peccant part.
s mother, Habit is its nurſe;
, Faculties, but make it worſe;
f but gives it edge and power;
s bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
tched ſubjects though to lawful ſway,
: queen, ſome favourite ſtill obey:
lend not arms, as well as rules,
he more than tell us we are fools?
ı mourn our Nature, not to mend;
uſer, but a helpleſs friend!
udge turn pleader, to perſuade
we make, or juſtify it made;
ı eaſy conqueſt all along,
ıoves weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
nall humours gather to a gout,
fancies he has driv'n them out.
ure's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
ere no guide, but ſtill a guard;
rectify, not overthrow,
his paſſion more as friend than foe;
Power the ſtrong direction ſends,
l Men impels to ſeveral ends:

Like

Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one intereſt body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, through ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATION.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charm
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools!

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk, and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and Reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B—— for his Prince, or ** for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt control?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence, or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed
Aſk where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tw
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows whe
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Vi

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the firſt Edition followed theſe

A Cheat! A Whore! who ſtarts not at the nam
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226. in the M6.

The Colonel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scrivener vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pounds the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by

ious and vicious every Man muſt be,
th' extreme, but all in the degree;
gue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
r'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
it by parts we follow good or ill;
ice or Virtue, Self-directs it ſtill;
idividual ſeeks a ſeveral goal;
eaven's great view, is One, and that the Whole.
ounter works each folly and caprice;
iſappoints th' effect of every vice;
happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
to the virgin, to the matron pride.
the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief:
gs preſumption, and to crowds belief:
Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
ſeeks no intereſt, no reward but praiſe;
uild on wants, and on defects of mind,
y, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
ven forming each on other to depend,
er or a ſervant, or a friend,
ich on other for aſſiſtance call,
ne Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
mmon intereſt, or endear the tie.
ſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
ome-felt joy that life inherits here;
m the ſame we learn, in its decline,
joys, thoſe loves, thoſe intereſts, to reſign;
t half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
lcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pe
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort every ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion every age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;

Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF
EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſp Society.

I. THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society, &c. Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet for another, ver. 27. The happineſs of Anima tual, ver. 49. II. Reaſon or Inſtinct operate a the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reaſon ſtinct operate alſo to Society in all animals, ver III. How far Society carried by inſtinct, ver How much farther by Reaſon, ver. 128. IV. C which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. ſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of ver. 166. and in the Forms of Society, ver. 17 Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Ori Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government 212. VI. Origin of true Religion and Govern from the ſame principle, of Love, 231, &c. of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame pri of Fear, ver. 237, &c. The Influence of Sel operating to the ſocial and public Good, ver. Reſtoration of true Religion and Government or firſt principle, ver. 285. Mixt Government, 288. Various Forms of each, and the true all, ver. 300, &c.

EPIS

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the General Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;

All

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.
Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe," &c.

All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer;
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Gran

VARIATION.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

that the powerful ſtill the weak controul;
the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
hat Tyrant checks; he only knows,
)s, another creature's wants and woes.
! the falcon, ſtooping from above,
h her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
the hawk when Philomela ſings?
es for all: to birds he gives his woods,
s his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
: his intereſt prompts him to provide,
: his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
on one vain Patron, and enjoy
nſive bleſſing of his luxury,
y life his learned hunger craves,
from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
ıſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
| he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
ees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
/our'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
ture had his feaſt of life before;
) muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
t the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
imparts it; but with ſuch a view
e he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
r conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
ll draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
nding miracle! that Heaven aſſign'd
thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct ble
Know, all enjoy that power which ſuits them bet
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long:
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?

VARIATION.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with opening views of various wa
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

e the ſpider parallels deſign,
e Moivre, without rule or line?
he ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
ot his own, and worlds unknown before;
the council, ſtates the certain day,
s the phalanx, and who points the way?
d, in the nature of each being, founds
bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
l Wants, built mutual Happineſs:
e firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
ire link'd to creature, man to man.
of life all-quickening æther keeps,
s through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
rofuſe on earth, one nature feeds
lame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
lone, but all that roam the wood,
e ſky, or roll along the flood,
itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
ſires alike, till two are one.
he pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
themſelves, a third time, in their race.
and bird their common charge attend,
rs nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
; diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
s the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
iſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
ve ſucceeds, another race.
are Man's helpleſs kind demands;
r care contracts more laſting bands:

Reflection,

Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the intereſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits ri
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe natural love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began
Memory and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd
Still ſpread the intereſt, and preſerve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they bli
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to a
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſha
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold und
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt
Heaven's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;

› Nature, hears the general groan,
:ir ſpecies, and betrays his own.
aſe to luxury ſucceeds,
leath its own avenger breeds;
aſſions from that blood began,
on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.
rom Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
:inct then was reaſon's part;
o Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
ı the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
ım the birds what food the thickets yield;
ım the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
of building from the bee receive;
the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
the little Nautilus to ſail,
ıe thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
all forms of ſocial union find,
ce let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
terranean works and cities ſee;
wns aërial on the waving tree.
ch ſmall People's genius, policies,
:'s republic, and the realm of Bees;
ſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
archy without confuſion know;
ſe for ever, though a Monarch reign,
ıarate cells and properties maintain.
ıat unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
ſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
:hy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
: Juſtice in her net of Law,

" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtro
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey:
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the firſt Editions,

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of brutes befor
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as Gods adore.

Ver. 201. Here roſe one little ſtate, &c.] In the thus,

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common
And Love was Nature's dictate; Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crow
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

ates were form'd; the name of King unknown,
upon intereſt plac'd the ſway in one.
VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
g bleſſings, or averting harms)
ie which in a ſire the Sons obey'd,
e the Father of a People made.
'ill then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
rieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate:
, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
w his eye, their oracle his tongue.
the wondering furrow call'd the food,
to command the fire, control the flood,
rth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
th' aërial eagle to the ground.
oping, ſickening, dying, they began
they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
ooking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
at Firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
tradition that this All begun,
'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
rker from the work diſtinct was known,
ple Reaſon never ſought but one:
t oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
ke his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
ue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
n'd a Father when he own'd a God.
ll the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
ure knew no right divine in Men,
ould fear in God; and underſtood
eign being, but a ſovereign good.

True

True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realt done.
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſ
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, La
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects ma
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's ſo
When rock'd the mountains, and when groar ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heaven on pride
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human blood;

With heaven's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives ſelf-love, through juſt, and through unjuſt,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Power's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring intereſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:

Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty,
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwarts this One great End:
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, ſupported lives:
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

ARGUME

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Happineſs.

I. FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happineſs to be equal; and to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is neceſſary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods ſhould be unequal, Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe, ver. 51. But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of Hope and Fear, ver. 70. III. What the Happineſs of Individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent

with, or deſtructive of Virtue, ver. 167. Tha
theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue
ſtanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver.
Nobility, ver. 205. Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fam
237. Superior Talents, ver. 257, &c. With pi
of human infelicity in Men, poſſeſſed of them al
269, &c. VII. That Virtue only conſtitutes a
pineſs, whoſe object is univerſal, and whoſe pr
eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of Virtu
Happineſs conſiſts in a conformity to the ORD
PROVIDENCE here, and a Reſignation to it her
hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

EPIS

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoul thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair opening to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind:
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. Oh Happineſs! &c.] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs, to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour, and we die.

Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some, ſunk to Beaſts, find Pleaſure end in Pain;
Some, ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome-way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heaven's firſt Law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,

Mo

More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heaven to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;

But

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heaven's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident 's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

But Heaven's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh, ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heaven ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain,
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they would,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.

But

VARIATION.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike Turenne proſtrate on the duſt!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his favourites to reverſe his laws?

Shall

VARIATION.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of every evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;

VARIATION.

After ver. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What different Syſtems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore *ſtruck out* of the text.

And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
'No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want
"Power?"
Add Health and Power, and every earthly thing,
'Why bounded Power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immenſe the power, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqueror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak,

VARIATION.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for *ſearching* heads or honeſt hearts.

Weak, fooliſh man! will Heaven reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing;
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold.
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind.
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a-year.
Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cow
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,

W

ıakes the man, and want of it the fellow:
is all but leather or prunella.
o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
u may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
: pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
our fathers' worth if your's you rate,
e thoſe only who were good and great,
'our ancient, but ignoble blood
t through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
l pretend your family is young;
your fathers have been fools ſo long.
n ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
ɔt all the blood of all the Howards.
next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies:
:, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
re much the ſame, the point 's agreed,
acedonia's madman to the Swede;
ıle ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
, an enemy of all mankind!
looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
r looks forward further than his noſe.
like the Politic and Wiſe:
low things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men

VARIATION.

. Boaſt the pure blood, &c.] In the MS. thus,
icheſt blood, right-honourably old,
from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
well thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
ɔut one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
ɔride as much deſpiſe all other pride,
ırift-Church once all colleges beſide.

Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other of is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

If

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O! wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;

Wh

Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſt;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heaven could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find:
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees,

VARIATION.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate.
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;

The

The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds;
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer,
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When

VARIATION.

Ver. 373. Come then, my Friend! &c.] In the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heaven-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATION.

Ver. 397. That Virtue only, &c.] In the MS. thus,

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

IT may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſage
the preceding Eſſay, having been unjuſtly ſuſp
of a tendency towards Fate and Naturaliſm, the
thor compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to
that his ſyſtem was founded in free-will, and te
nated in piety: That the firſt cauſe was as well
Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Cr
of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will (the
principle enforced throughout the Eſſay) was
meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along
blind determination, but the reſting in a relig
acquieſcence, and confidence full of Hope and
mortality. To give all this the greater weight
poet choſe for his model the Lord's Prayer, wh
of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to
Paraphraſe.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And, binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heaven purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

" Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
" Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
" Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
" Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
" Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque,
" Extenuantis eas conſultò." HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been compriſed in Four Books:

The Firſt of which, the Author has given us under hat title, in four Epiſtles.

The Second was to have conſiſted of the ſame num-er: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reaſon. . Of thoſe Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, hich are uſeful, and therefore attainable, together ith thoſe which are unuſeful, and therefore unattain-ble. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Uſe, and Application f the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Uſe of earning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit; oncluding with a Satire againſt a Miſapplication of hem, illuſtrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The Third Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Sci-ıce of Politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a Repub-c were to be examined and explained; together with ıe ſeveral Modes of Religious Worſhip, as far forth as ıey affect Society; between which the Author always ıppoſed there was the moſt intereſting relation and oſeſt connection; ſo that this part would have treated f Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The Fourth and laſt Book concerned private Ethics, r practical Morality, conſidered in all the Circum-ınces, Orders, Profeſſions, and Stations of human ife.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digeſted, nd communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and ne or two more, and was intended for the only work f his riper Years: but was, partly through ill health, rtly through diſcouragements from the depravity of ıe times, and partly on prudential and other conſi-erations, interrupted, poſtponed, and, laſtly, in a man-er laid aſide.

But

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, more exactly reflected the Image of his ſtrong cap Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect it from the 'disjecta membra Poetæ' that now ren may not be amiſs to be a little more particular co ing each of theſe projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abſtrac conſiders him in general under every of his rel becomes the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſu of the three following; ſo that

The SECOND Book was to take up again th and Second Epiſtles of the Firſt Book, and treats c in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has be plained above. Of this only a ſmall part of th cluſion (which, as we ſaid, was to have cont Satire againſt the miſapplication of Wit and Le may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunci up and down, occaſionally, in the other three.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to re the ſubject of the Third Epiſtle of the Firſt, whic of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious city. But this part the Poet afterwards co might be beſt executed in an EPIC POEM; as t tion would make it more animated, and the Fa invidious; in which all the great Principles and falſe Governments and Religions ſhould be delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and laſt Book was to purſue th ject of the Fourth Epiſtle of the Firſt, and th Ethics, or practical Morality; and would hav ſiſted of many members; of which the four fo Epiſtles were detached Portions: the two firſt, Characters of Men and Women, being the intro part of this concluding Book.

MC

[ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

ir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

THAT it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to onſider Man in the Abſtract: Books will not ſerve e purpoſe, nor yet our own Experience ſingly, ver. 1. eneral maxims, unleſs they be formed upon both, ill be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in ery man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from mſelf, ver. 15. Difficulties ariſing from our own aſſions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver. 31. The ſhortſ of Life to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the rinciples of action in men to obſerve by, ver. 37. c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourlves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in eneral confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent, ver. 1. The ſame man utterly different in different places nd ſeaſons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weakneſſes in the reateſt, ver. 70, &c. Nothing conſtant and certain ut God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding om contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influ-

encing

encing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, tc
Characters, we can only take the ſtrongeſt acti
a man's life, and try to make them agree: Th
uncertainty of this, from Nature itſelf, and fro
licy, ver. 120. Characters given according t
rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And ſom
ſon for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Natu
at leaſt Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions
ſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Prin
all ſubject to change. No judging by Nature,
ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains t
(if we can) his RULING PASSION: That wi
tainly influence all the reſt, and can reconci
ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his action
175. Inſtanced in the extraordinary Charac
Clodio, ver. 179. A caution againſt miſtaki
cond qualities for firſt, which will deſtroy all
bility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210.
amples of the ſtrength of the Ruling Paſſion, a
continuation to the laſt breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPIS'

EPISTLE I.

S, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Vho from his ſtudy rails at human-kind;
;h what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance,
;eneral maxims, or be right by chance.
›xcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
rom his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
'h many a paſſenger he rightly call,
›ld him no Philoſopher at all.
ı yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
ıay be read, as well as Books, too much.
ervations which ourſelves we make,
ow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
itten Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
ıs are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
ınmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
nly Man be taken in the groſs?
but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
t each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
that he varies from himſelf no leſs;
lature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
ll Opinion's colours caſt on life.
depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
man actions reaſon though you can,
be Reaſon, but it is not Man:

His

His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd through our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft, in the Paſſion's wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When ſenſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Though paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known:
Others, ſo very cloſe, they 're hid from none;
(So darkneſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;

And every child hates Shylock, though his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
When Flattery glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
  But theſe plain Characters we rarely find:
Though ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The Dull, flat Falſehood ſerves, for policy:
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf 's a lie:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
The Fool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
  See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſineſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Veniſon to a Saint without.
  Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Intereſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay, Montagne, or more ſage Cha
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs through Piety, and dup'd through Wit
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Wl
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do,
Behold if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crown
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

VARIATION.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bra
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

ot always Actions ſhew the man: we find
› does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
aps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
aps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
herefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
e guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
› combats bravely is not therefore brave,
reads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
› reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
pride in Reaſoning, not in Acting, lies.
ut grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
e the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
few that glare, each character muſt mark,
balance not the many in the dark.
it will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
reſs them, or miſcall them policy?
t then at once (the character to ſave)
plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
aps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
ir himſelf might whiſper, he was beat.

Why

VARIATION.

129. in the former Editions:
k why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
æſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
he mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
he mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

red as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commenta-
of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As
r too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was
ght better to make him the ſingle example.

38825

Why riſk the World's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chancellor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heaven's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Though the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Blush in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his power,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flower.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſower:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk mens Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;

Stri

off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
ritain, if not Europe, is undone.
t gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
nc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
ge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
t o'ercome, or policy take place:
tions? thoſe Uncertainty divides;
ſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
ns? they ſtill take a wider range:
if you can, in what you cannot change.
ners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
with Books, and Principles with Times.
:h then the Ruling Paſſion: There, alone,
'ild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
ol conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
lue once found, unravels all the reſt,
oſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
n, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
ith whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
a and Fools muſt like him, or he dies:
a wondering Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
ub muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
urts ſo various aim at nothing new?
ine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
urns repentant, and his God adores
ne ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;

Enough if all around him but admire
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet general praiſe;
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
An Angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd;
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
  Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
  Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.

Tha

VARIATION.

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

  Nature well known, no Miracles remain.

Altered, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Luculkus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race.
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace,
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."

The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human-kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir!"
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—" My money, Sir, what all?
" Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, Sir?—" The manor! hold, he cry'd.
" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
" Oh, ſave my Country, Heaven!" ſhall be your laſt.

MORAL

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſhed than this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something he chanced to drop in a ſhort advertiſement prefixed to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for the ſmall attention given to it. He ſaid that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expreſſed little curioſity about a Satire, in which there was nothing perſonal.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.

Let

Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimpering Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whoſe eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening Maſk:
So morning Inſects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting-ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.
To her, Califta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"

Ladi

, like variegated Tulips, ſhow,
ıeir Changes half their charms we owe;
lefect, and delicately weak,
›py Spots the nice admirer take.
us Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
hout Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
ɜue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
than Mimic, more a Wit than Wife;
races ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
ı's nature, tolerably mild,
a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer,
a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
s at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
e a Widow happy, for a whim.
ı declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
ı by that alone ſhe can be born?
ıe all mortals, yet affect a name?
Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
› in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
king Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
ſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
eiſm and Religion take their turns;
leathen in the carnal part,
ı ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
ı in State, majeſtically drunk;
a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;

Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head 's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;

VARIATION.

Ver. 77. What has not fir'd, &c.] In the MS.
In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
much Thinking to have common Thought:
haſe pain with all that Joy can give,
of nothing but a Rage to live.
hen from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
at owns her Faults, but never mends,
e 's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
hoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
a Paſſion, or a Prayer.
ho laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
h! how charming, if there 's no ſuch place!"
ſweet viciſſitude appears
and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
oſe foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
nd Fool are two hard things to hit;
lo-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
at are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
e herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
h herſelf, or others, from her birth
her life one warfare upon earth:
expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
ate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
ht advances, but her Eddy Brain
about, and down it goes again.

Full

VARIATION.

122. in the MS.
'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
kes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage,
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from H
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with Violence purſued,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe 'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe 'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that 's good and gre
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friend
By Wealth of Followers! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf, through very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.

VARIATION.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides; nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.

To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the Poor.
Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With every pleasing, every prudent part,
'Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one generous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of

VARIATION.

Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head,
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wife?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heaven has varniſh'd out, and made a C
The ſame for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown an
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſki
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or wri
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.

VARIATION.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia ſpy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.

But grant, in Public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Power all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In

VARIATIONS.

Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and kings,
The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

Ver. 207. in the firſt Edition,

In ſeveral Men we ſeveral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind.

In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the Heart be thine

That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers 'till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heaven when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Favourite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taſte of Follies, with our ſcorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Prayer;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
The generous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines.
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profuſion, ver. 1, &c. The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miſer acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the ſame, ver. 199. The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Roſs, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuſe and the Covetous, in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

THIS Epiſtle was written after a violent outcry aga
our Author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridicule
worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte.
juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to
Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are th
words: "I have learnt that there are ſome who wo
"rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefor
"may be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I w
"therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion
"their idols, their groves, and their high-plac
"and change my ſubject from their pride to th
"meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeri
"and as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtr
"tions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply
"natured applications, I may probably in my ne
"make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and m
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heaven:
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, ſurely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:

]

But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide again.
Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt.
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' Elect;
Given to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
B. Trade it may help, Society extend:
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid:
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land 's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt Paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip-off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squ
confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet:
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom, with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.

VARIATION.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as thine.

lepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
e himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
ce will game: to White's a Bull be led,
urning heels and with a butting head.
ite's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
ırſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
:n Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
ne ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
/ check on all induſtrious ſkill,
the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
:n, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
y you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
'hat Riches give us, let us then inquire?
'ire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
Cloaths, and Fire.
)o little? would you more than live?
is more than Turner finds they give.
is more than (all his viſions paſt)
/ Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
n they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
tres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
', in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
a's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
th' embroidery plaiſter'd at thy tail?

They

VARIATION.

Since then, &c.] In the former Ed.
then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
take *it, as we* find it, Gold and all.

They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part,
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart;
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine, they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Veniſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phrine the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.

Why

Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.
But nobler ſcenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls; whoſe life one Avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a general flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
"Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
"Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
"And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
"arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degenerate, Patriots diſagree,

And

And nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The Ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The Ruling Paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than even that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For though ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly 's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heaven each
" ſends,
" And different men directs to different ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to general uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration foun
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their roun
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting through his Hei
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſ

otta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
not Cotta void of wit or worth;
ough (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
ien vied in coolness with his grot?
t with nettles, moats with cresses flor'd,
ips unbought and sallads bless'd his board?
liv'd on pulse, it was no more
amins, Saints, and Sages did before;
the rich, was prodigal expence,
o would take the Poor from Providence?
e lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
ithout, and fasts within the wall;
'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
ide bell invites the country round;
with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
th' unwilling steeds another way;
d wanderers, the forest o'er,
sav'd candle, and unopening door;
e gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
the beggar whom he longs to eat.
his Son; he mark'd this oversight,
mistook reverse of wrong for right.
t to shun, will no great knowledge need;
to follow, is a task indeed.)
of qualities deserving praise,
to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
ughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
spacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
ean motives this profusion draws,
perish in his country's cause;

'Tis

'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſued,
Not ſunk by ſloth, not rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!

T

VARIATIONS.

After ver 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The ſecret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit,

rare, between th' extremes to move
od-nature, and of mean Self-love.
orth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty given,
: emulate, the care of Heaven;
ıfure full o'erflows on human race)
ne's fault, and juſtify her grace.
ıe groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
:als, in juſt proportion us'd:
:e Ambergris, a ſtink it lies,
pers'd, is incenſe to the Skies.
ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
ord, who knows a chearful noon
'iddler, Flatterer, or Buffoon?
, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Player?
Your's, or Oxford's better part,
)ppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
; guard him in the golden Mean!
iſh Bounty yet a while may ſtand,
r linger ere it leaves the land.
r praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
ı echoes through her winding bounds,
evern hoarſe applauſe reſounds.

Who

VARIATION.

;o. in the MS.
ıble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
s not him, oh may he ſing no more!

Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brı
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heaven-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the power to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that generous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Chi
clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a-year.

B

Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt unheeded and unſeen.

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewſbury and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more,
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And Fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe are worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!

Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqu'd ſuch ſainthip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
" Live

VARIATION.

Ver. 337. In the former Editions,
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale—It follows thus.

" Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on every ſide,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhower of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:

Firſt

Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

THE extremes of Avarice and Profuſion being trea
of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one parti
lar branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expence
people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a
rollary to the preceding, juſt as the epiſtle on the C
racters of Women is to that of the Knowledge
Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for
actneſs of method with the reſt. But the nature of
ſubject, which is leſs philoſophical, makes it capa
of being analyzed in a much narrower compaſs.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham Drawings and Deſigns;
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."

Hea

Heaven viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
certain truth, which many buy too dear:

Some-

VARIATION.

r ver. 22. in the MS.

uſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Stateſmen, have the ſkill
build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
en why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
dgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Sen
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the ſeven
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heavens to ſcale
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls-in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſha
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns

Still follow Senſe, of every Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.

out it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls:
ro's Terraces deſert their walls:
: Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
bham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
wide views through mountains to the Plain,
wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
an ornament its place remark,
an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Villario's ten years toil complete;
ncunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
od ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
ength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
ig Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
g in bright diverſities of day,
ver-quivering rills mæander'd o'er—
iem, you! Villario can no more;
the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield.
at laſt he better likes a Field.
gh his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
delighted in the thickening ſhade,
mual joy the reddening ſhoots to greet,
e ſtretching branches long to meet!
's fine Taſte an opener Viſta loves,
he Dryads of his Father's groves;
ndleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
l the mournful family of Yews:
iving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
eep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
imon's Villa let us paſs a day,
ll cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"

So

So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On every ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene, . . .
No artful Wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffering eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bowers;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt through the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat

And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.

Between

Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his infants bread,
The Labourer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſt bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reaſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neigbours glad, if he increaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad Arch the dangerous flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
And roll obedient Rivers through the Land;
Theſe Honours, Peace to Happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

MORAL ESSAY

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occaſioned by his Dialogues on MEDAL

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of M it was ſome time before he was Secretary of but not publiſhed till Mr. Tickell's Edition works; at which time the verſes on Mr. C which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in

As the third Epiſtle treated of the extremes of rice and Profuſion; and the fourth took up on ticular branch of the latter, namely, the Var Expence in people of wealth and quality, an therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the mon collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, rollary to the fourth.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead;
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr to
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:

Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mouldering age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame.
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.

Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!

To gain Peſcennius one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine:
Her Gods and godlike Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies they regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh, when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There, Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;

"Who

"Who broke no promiſe, ſerved no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

The first Publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, beg many years since, and drawn up by snatches, the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts publishing it, till it pleased some persons of Rank : Fortune [the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of I race, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity fro Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a v extraordinary manner, not only my Writings which, being public, the Publick is judge) but my P son, Morals, and Family, whereof, to those w know me not, a truer information may be requi Being divided between the necessity to say someth of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so a ward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasi

it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true: but I have, for the moſt part, ſpared their Names; and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free Uſe of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeneſs.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigued I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me;

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetеſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould engroſs?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What Drop or Noſtrum can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:

To

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Sempſtreſs' praiſe—

Ver. 29. in the 1ſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Power of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace:
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libel'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curll invites to dine,
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—"'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There

VARIATION.

Ver. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
" And ſhame the fools—Your intereſt, Sir, with Lintot.
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
" Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more."
'Tis ſung, when Midas' ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)
His very Miniſter, who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit,

VARIATION.

Ver. 60. in the former Ed.
Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? Break one cobweb through,
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's ſake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One Flatterer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.

This

VARIATION.

Ver. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe!"

Time,

This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an Eye!"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:

VARIATIONS.

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124. in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which You and Curll [a] admir
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire [b]
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother [c], not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

[a] Curll set up his head for a sign.
[b] His Father was crooked.
[c] His Mother was much afflicted with headachs.

: but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
ıe through this long diſeaſe, my Life,
, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
, the Being you preſerv'd to bear.
ŗ then publiſh? Granville the polite,
ring Walſh, would tell me I could write;
r'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
reve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
y Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
d Rocheſter would nod the head,
)hn's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before)
arms receiv'd one Poet more.
ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
eir Author, when by theſe belov'd!
the world will judge of men and books,
he Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
e my numbers: who could take offence
: Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
: Fanny's was my flowery theme,
miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
d Gildon draw his venal quill;
e man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
d Dennis rave in furious fret;
wer'd, I was not in debt.
)vok'd, or madneſs made them print,
war with Bedlam or the Mint.
: more ſober Critic come abroad;
I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
ing, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
:y want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.

Commas

Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a ye
He, who, ſtill wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who, now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a Taſe.

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars every ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What

VARIATION.

After ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. Pope's and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

What though my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But, ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in ſong,
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd every day, and ſome days eat;

T

VARIATION.

After ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

ill, grown more frugal in his riper days,
e paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
o ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
nd others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
ryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
ryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
it ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
e help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey goose quill!
ay every Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
ſimple pride for flattery makes demands,
ay dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
eſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
nd thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay:
ft me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
glected die, and tell it on his tomb:
all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
y Verſe, and Queenſberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
o live and die is all I have to do:)
aintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
nd ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
bove a Patron, though I condeſcend
metimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
was not born for Courts or great affairs:
ay my debts, believe, and ſay my prayers;

Can

Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When every Coxcomb knows me by my Style?

Curſ

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſtill
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my ſchool,
And in a courſe of flattery liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and Caroline rehearſe.
P. No—the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court ſermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnal ſhine.

Why

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a Tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhow the ſenſe of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the Dean and ſilver bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet

VARIATION.

Why write at all?—A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhiper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; be one Poet's Praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;

That

That Flattery, even to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lie in verſe or proſe the ſame,
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whiſper, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the laſt!

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling ſcribler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sapho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lie.
To pleaſe a Miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two Curlls of town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore!
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)

VARIATION.

Ver. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit
And lik'd that dangerous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chi
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſh

Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.
Their own,
And better got, than Beſtia's from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temperance, and by exerciſe;
His life, though long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore

VARIATION.

After ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to *Learning*, yet too wiſe to write.

Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

SATIRES
AND
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

Advertiſement.

THE occaſion of publiſhing theſe Imitations was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my Epiſtles. An Anſwer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Miniſters under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who had been Secretary of State: neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a Satiriſt for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satiriſt nothing is ſo odious as a Libeller, for the ſame reaſon as to a man truly virtuous nothing is ſo hateful as a Hypocrite.

"Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis."

WHOEVER

WHOEVER expects a Paraphraſe of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious where Horace is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was neceſſary for his Concurrence in promoting their common plan of Reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient Satiriſt, he had hardly made choice of Horace: with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expreſſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with dignity, and the moſt ornamented, with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and ſublimity of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius: and what Mr. Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf in turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertiſement: To which we may add, that this ſort of Imitations, which are of the nature of Parodies, adds reflected grace and ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am tol
[a] There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bol
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Timorous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. [d] I'd write no more.

P. N

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a] SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultr
Legem tendere opus; [b] ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c] Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.

T [d] Quieſcas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verſus?

T. Aio.

P. Not write? but then I think,
[e] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
[f] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; "Probatum eſt."
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's Praiſe,
[h] You 'll gain at leaſt a Knighthood, or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms and George and Brunſwick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?

Or

H. Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.
T. [f] Ter uncti
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.
[g] Aut ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæſaris invicti res dicere, [h] multa laborum
Praemia laturus.
H. Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to Hiſtory he truſts for Praiſe.
F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail them?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:

T

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribat vulnera Parthi.
T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quamquam eſt intactus, et od

The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. ° Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
P F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
9 I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And every friend the leſs lament my fate.

My

H. ° Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
P Caſtor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia. 9 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam,
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene; quo fit, ut omnis

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
[r] Verſeman or Proſeman, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[s] Satire's my weapon, but I 'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[t] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[u] Save but our army! and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
[w] Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[x] Slides into verſe, and hitches-in a rhyme,

Sacr

Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an Appulus, ancep
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta] [s] ſed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti cuſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,
[t] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? [u] O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[x] *Flebit*, et inſignis-tota cantabitur urbe.

to ridicule his whole life long,
e ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
ıder or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
'ords or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
urious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
y her love, or libel'd by her hate.
oper power to hurt, each creature feels;
im their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
› man wonders he 's not ſtung by Pug.
nk with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
l never poiſon you, they 'll only cheat.
:n, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
:r Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
; to gild the Evening of my day,

Or

---

vius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:
uo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
upus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
ıtum; [a] Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?
ıe calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos).
a tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
t, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkewer to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint.
[c] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d] Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of Age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fryar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

A

Dives, inops; Romae, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
[c] Quiſquis erit vitae, ſcribam, color.
T. [d] O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem

And I not[f] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?
I will, or periſh in the generous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To Virtue only and her friends a Friend,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[h] There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And He, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or

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[f] Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quiſque per ora
Cederet introrſum turpis; num Laelius, et qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut laeſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet [g] Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus Amicis.
[h] Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcena in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis ſapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.
Quidquid ſum ego, quamvis

Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
[1]Envy muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k]What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. [1]Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;
[m]Conſult the Statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi ſext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."

See

Infra Lucilî cenſum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[i]Cum magnis vixiſſe invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido:
[k]niſi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Diſſentis.
T. [1]Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:
"[m]Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
"Judiciumque."

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.
P. [n] Libels and Satires! lawleſs things indeed!
But grave Epiſtles, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—
F. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[o] In ſuch a caſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] mala, ſed bona ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Caeſare? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. [o] Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
(A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c] before we dine.
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[d] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[h] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your

SATIRA II.

[a] QUAE virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo: ſed qua praecepit Ofellus
Ruſticus, [d] abnormis Sapiens, craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite, [e] non inter lances menſaſque nitentes;
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c] Verum hic impranſi mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc
Dicam, ſi potero, male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. [h] Leporum ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat

[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.

Of

Militia aſſuetum graecari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:
Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem: niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt. tu pulmentaria quaere
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum?
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto

[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
[m] Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued!"
Oh blaſt it, [n] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

The

Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] laudas, inſane, trilibrem
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe lupos? quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.
[m] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Praeſentes Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia; quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavult inulas [o] necdum omnis abacta

[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Baccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oiſters fed,
I'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; though not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

One

Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
Nigriſque eſt oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat accipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo
[q] Si quis nunc mergos ſuaves edixerit aſſos,
Parebit parvi docilis Romana juventus.
[r] Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Ofello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. [s] Avidienus,
[t] Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;

[u] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [w] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [z] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [a] Nævius, every error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[b] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſ

---

[u] Ac, niſi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, alioſque dierum
[w] Feſtos albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat [x] veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur! hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt,
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [z] Hic neque ſervis
Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Saevus erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex [a] Naevius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[b] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque ſecum

[a] Firſt Health: The ſtomach (cramm'd from every diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [d] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temperate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[e] How pale, each worſhipful and Reverend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[f] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy every labour it purſues!
How coming to the Poet every Muſe!

Not

Afferat. [c] In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcae,
Quæ ſimplex [d] olim tibi ſederit, at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [e] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia! quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.
[f] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus praeſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[g] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive diem feſtum rediens advexerit annus,

g Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old Age;
h For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate Youth the veſſel drains?

i Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
k Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear;
l That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;

(

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius aetas
Imbecilla volet. h Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam,
Quam puer et validus praeſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?

i Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia nc
Illis nullus erat! ſed, credo, hac mente, quod hoſpe
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus conſumeret. k hos utinam i
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.

l Das aliquid famae, quae carmine gratior aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una m cum damno dedecus. adde

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, [m] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd be thy [n] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [o] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[p] "Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, [q] and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall

---

[n] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[o] As, laquei pretium.
[p] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jugatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [q] Ergo,
Quod ſuperat, non eſt melius quo inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus quiſquam, te divite? quare
[r] Templa ruunt antiqui Deum? cur improbe, carae
Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res!

Shall half the [r] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[s] Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [t] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[u] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thoug
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than if now [w] Excis'd;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Conte

---

[s] O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus: uterne
[t] Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius! hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello!
[u] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofell
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc [w] acciſis. Videas, metato in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta

Content with little I can piddle here
On [x] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [y] ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[a] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhower ſhall fall:
And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [b] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Though double tax'd, how little have I loſt!

My

Quidquam, praeter [x] olus fumoſae cum pede pernae.
Ac mihi ſeu [y] longum poſt tempus venerat hoſpes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non piſcibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hœdo: tum [z] penſilis uva ſecundas
Et nux ornabat menſas, cum duplice ficu.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [a] cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractae ſeria frontis.
Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut
vos,

My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [c] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free opening
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heaven it laſt! (cries Swift!) as you go
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d] Property? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [e] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure [f] equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [g] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my

O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc [b] novus incola venit?
Nam [c] propriae telluris herum natura neque illum
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [d] nequities aut [e] vafri inſcitia juris,
Poſtremum expellet certe [f] vivacior heres.
[g] Nunc ager Umbreni ſub nomine, nuper Oſelli
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum

iades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
ome the portion of a booby Lord;
d Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
es to a Scrivener, or a City Knight,
t lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

---

ic mihi, nunc alii. [h] quocirca vivite fortes,
tiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Generals now, [d] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their Old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe
[f] A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe [t] take breath,
"And never gallop Pegaſus to death;

[ ]

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſumma dicendè camena,
[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt aetas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.
[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [g] ſenescentem mature ſanus equum, ne

Left ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe."
Farewell then [h] Verſe, and Love, and every Toy,
he Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
'hat [i] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
:t this be all my care—for this is All:
o lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte,
'hat every day will want, and moſt, the laſt.
But aſk not, to what [l] Doctors I apply?
worn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
.s drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
nd houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke,
›metimes a [n] Patriot, active in debate,
lix with the World, and battle for the State,
:ee as young Lyttelton, her cauſe purſue,
:ill true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:
›metimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
ıdulge my candour, and grow all to all;

Back

---

eccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
unc itaque et [h] verſus, et caetera ludicra pono:
uid [i] verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum:
Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere poſſim.
ıc ne forte roges, [l] quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:
Iullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[l] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
Iunc agilis fio, et merſor [n] civilibus undis,
'irtutis verae cuſtos, [o] rigiduſque ſatelles:

Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[q] Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe:
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
[w] Weak though I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite:
I'll

Nunc in Ariſtippi [p] furtim praecepta relabor
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Aeque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus aeque,
Aeque neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.
[t] Reſtat, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque elementis:
[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;

I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Worlds, and Spells, which can controul
[z] Between the Fits this Fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor:
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.

But

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus noſis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[y] Fervet avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [a] certa piacula, quae te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] amator;
Nemo [d] adeo ferus eſt, ut non mitescere poſſit,
Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,

But to the world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [g] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here Wiſdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice, [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St. James's up to high St. Paul!

From

Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quae [f] maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quae ſtulte miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmae?
"[i] Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.
"[k] O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum eſt;
"*Virtus poſt* nummos:" haec [l] Janus ſummus ab imo

From him whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in [n] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their Honours, and ſo forth.
Yet every [p] child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour, is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY or POITIERS?

Who

Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[m] Laevo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque;
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint.
[o] Plebs eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [q] murus aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus [s] Curiis et decantata Camillis?

[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible with grace;
"If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteady view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs through:
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [y] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
In honeſt S*z take ſcandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith, I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu

---

[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui, "Rem facias: rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupi!
An, [w] qui fortunae te reſponſare ſuperbae
Liberum et erectum, [x] praeſens hortatur et aptat?
[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem:
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipſe vel odit;
Olim quod [a] vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his power
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.

Sir

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[b] Bellua multorum eſt capitum. nam quid ſequar aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit [c] conducere publica: ſunt qui
[d] Cruſtis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e] Multis occulto creſcit res fenore. [f] verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that Devil within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At amorous Flavio is the [k] ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes.

Diſcharge

---

[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,
Si dixit dives; [h] lacus et mare ſentit amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa libido
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil coelibe vita:
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n] pauper? ride; mutat [o] coenacula, lectos,

Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [w] once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!

Careleſs

Balnea, [p] tonſores; conducto navigio aeque
Nauſeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.
[q] Si curatus inaequali tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexae
Trita ſubeſt tunicae, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar;
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat ſententia ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Aeſtuat, et vitae diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w] medici credis, nec curatoris egere

Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me, (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs
Lov'd [c] without youth, and follow'd without power
At home, though exil'd, [b] free, though in the Towe
In ſhort, that reaſoning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and [d] much above a King,
Nay, half in heaven—[e] except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god!

A praetore dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno [c] minor eſt Jove, [y] dive
[b] Liber, [z] honoratus, [a] pulcher, [d] rex denique regum
Praecipue ſanus, [e] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

THIS Piece is the moſt finiſhed of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call Con Amore. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of excellence. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever more deſerved to have a Poet for his Friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any ſhare: ſo he ſupported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendſhip.

" NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
" To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)

[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,

There

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL admirari, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quae poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis

There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through and truſt the Ruler with his ſki
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.

Admire we then what [d] Earth's low entrail
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to g
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſ
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſ
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man a

Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formidine nul
Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terrae i
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et In
Ludicra, quid, [f] plauſus, et amici dona Quirit
Quo ſpectanda modo, [g] quo ſenſu credis et or

[h] Qui timet his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor eſt utrobique molel
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque:
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat metuatne; quid

For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a Taſte to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birthday Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?

Yet

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] vetus, aeraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [o] mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

Yet [s] time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Power of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
[u] Where Murray (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
[w] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And deſperate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever Cornbury diſdains; 6
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

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[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.
[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quare fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis.

[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the wings of wild deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.

(Believe

---

[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter;
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b] uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et [c] amicos,
Et genus, et formam, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.

(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [f] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Take the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[i] But if to Power and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;

Th

Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] Capadocum Rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenae praebere rogatus,
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et qu habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et proſunt furibus. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,

Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord,
To do the Honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a Mayor."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own Jeſt.

Or if your life be one continued Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.

Or

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[k] Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia, ille Velina:
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque [o] facetus adopta.
Si [p] bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,

Or ſhall we [r] every Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
[s] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return'd well travel'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[w] Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret.
Emtum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera
Digni; [s] remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui potior [t] patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
[u] Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
[w] Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

ADVER-

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to Auguſtus, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increaſe of an abſolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a Free people, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epiſtle will ſhow the learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate: "Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum ob-"ſolefieri," &c. The other, that this Piece was only a general Diſcourſe of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Auguſtus more

their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cauſe of his Contemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the Town, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt the Emperor himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their Morals were much improved, and the licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagances were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taſte of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himſelf muſt depend, for his fame with Poſterity.

We may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince, by writing with a decent Freedom towards him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[b] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdued, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda, peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Caeſar.
[c] Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;

[e] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, every Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame*:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[i] As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.

Juſt

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[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari,
[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui praegravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

[h] Praeſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] Nil orturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno,
* *Te noſtris* ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,

Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
[l] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[m] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Though juſtly [n] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?

In

Caetera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Aeſtimat; et, niſi quae terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor veterum, et tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.
Si, quia [n] Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunae: pingimus, atque

In every Public Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, [o] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [p] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If [q] Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By [t] courteſy of England, he may do."

Then,

---

[o] Pſallimus, et [p] luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus. [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] vetereſne poetas,
An quos et praeſens et poſtera reſpuat aetas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] honeſte.

Then, by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [w] down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And, eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpeare (whom you and every Playhouſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
The Life to come, in every Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the language of his heart.
"Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
"What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
"In

Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudaeque pilos ut [u] equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elufus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] faſtos, et virtutem aeſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [y] Libitina ſacravit.
[z] Ennius et ſapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo [a] promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea.
[b] Naevius in manibus non eſt; at [c] mentibus haeret
Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.

" In all [a] debates where Critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Jonſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletc
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southerne ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [g] the people's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

Spe

Ambigitur [c] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro:
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
[m] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [n] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſperate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines.
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.

I loſe

---

quaedam nimis [i] antique, ſi pleraque [k] dure
dicere credit eos, [l] ignave multa fatetur;
ſcribit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
non equidem inſector, delendaque carmina Livî
eſſe reor, memini quae [n] plagoſum [o] mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare; ſed emendata videri
pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
inveniam quae [p] verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum,
et ſi forſus paulo concinnior unus et alter;

[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new;
While, if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
[s] On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but aſk if any weed can grow;
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which [t] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)
How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,

Miſtake

Injuſte totum ducit venditque poema.

[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et praemia poſci.
[s] Recte necne crocum floreſque perambulet Attae
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quae [t] gravis Aeſopus, quae doctus Roſcius egit.
Vel quia nil [u] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [w] Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,

Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and Luxury with Charles reſtor'd;
In every taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud [z] in Horſemanſhip t' excel,
Newmarket's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And every flowery Courtier writ Romance.
Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.

No

Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit,
[x] Quod ſi tam Graecis novitas inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis
Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] equorum
[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;
Suſpendit [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella;

No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls-in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church or State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
[e] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
Inſtruct his Family in every rule,
And ſend his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
To [f] worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [g] Security, his Gold.

Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credat
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique ſecundi.
[e] Romae dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [f] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[g] Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.

nes are chang'd, and one [h] Poetic Itch
:'d the Court and City, poor and rich:
ires, and Grandſires, all will wear the bays,
ives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
:atres and to Rehearſals throng,
l our Grace at table is a Song.
ſo oft renounce the Muſes, I lye,
—'s ſelf e'er tells more Fibbs than I;
ick of Muſe, our follies we deplore,
omiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
ke next morning in a raging fit,
ll for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.
ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
ry'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
e to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
uilds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
l Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
ioſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
me, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet,

---

t mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
di ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
), qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
r [i] Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
ſil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.
n agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro
det, niſi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum eſt,
unt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
imus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.

And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [r] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Pet
The good man heaps up nothing but mere met
Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
And then— a perfect Hermit in his [s] diet.

Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
Yet let me ſhow, a Poet 's of ſome weight,
And ([t] though no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
[u] What will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to plac
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.

---

[n] Hic error tamen et levis haec inſania, quan
Virtutes heabeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] avarus
Non temere eſt animus: [p] verſus amat, hoc ſtudi
Detrimenta, [q] fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet;
Non [r] fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillô? vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo [s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat*:

I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King:
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving Court,
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains,
He, [w] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her trade ſupported, and ſupplied her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y] ſtretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The [z] Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:

How

Torquet [w] ab obſcoenis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
Recte facta refert; [y] orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [x] inopem ſolatur et aegrum.
Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti

How could Devotion [b] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe cheers their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his prayer beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And [d] Heaven is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and offerings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every ſoul:

With

Diſceret unde [b] preces, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et praeſentia numina ſentit;
Coeleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolae priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem

With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [g] Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flattery's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.
[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;

Britain

---

[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſaevus apertam
In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Poenaque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.
[k] Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille

Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to
Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtic March, and Energy divin
Though ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein
And ſplayfoot verſe remain'd, and will rema
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to adr
Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpeare, fair in Otway ſhon
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpeare ſcarce effac'd a lin
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.

Defluxit [l] numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: ſed in longum tamen a
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] veſtigia rur
Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina charti
Et poſt [n] Punica bella quietus quaerere coep
Quid [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Aeſchylus uti
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:
Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter aude
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque lituram

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The [r] humbler Muſe of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs [s],
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [t] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how looſely [u] does Aſtræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey [w] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [x] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or borne too high!

Who

Creditur, ex [r] medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet Comoedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus [s]. aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [w] edacibus in paraſitis;
Quam [u] non aſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco.
Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere: poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:

Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit;
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke.
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the Taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot, [e] and horſe;

Page

Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avari
Subruit, ac reficit: [z] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a] Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] urſum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet
Verum [d] equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] equitum turmae, peditumque catervae;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [i] throats the gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orca's ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;

Or

Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi praebentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quae [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum.
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
[l] Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus [m] oblitus actor

Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
[n] Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd ch
Yet, leſt you think I railly more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he [o] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:

Thi

Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; [o] meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magnus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis
[p] Verum age, et his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,

Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when, to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; [w] lament, the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But moſt, when, ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;

And

Curam impende brevem: ſi [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſaepe poetae,
(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum
[s] Solicito damus, aut feſſo: cum laedimur, [t] unum
Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum:
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum [w] lamentamur non apparere labores

And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or Penſion from the Crown;
Or, dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And

Noſtros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt [y] operae pretium cognoſcere, quales
Aedituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] indigno non committenda poetae.
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Choerilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine foedo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret aera

And [b] great Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruſſian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conquering Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!

How

Fortis [b] Alexandri vultum ſimulantia. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Boeotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetae;]
Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam res componere geſtas,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces

How [g] barbarous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſwo
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in flee
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"

Montibus impoſitas, et [g] barbara regna, tuiſque
Auſpiciis totum [h] confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque pa
[k] Carmen majeſtas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem [l] ſtulte, quem diligit, urget;
Praecipue cum ſe numeris commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis [m] deridet, quam quod probat et venerat
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque f
In [o] pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,

Well may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
[q] Clothe ſpice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
[q] Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II

" Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, & torquebitur." Ho

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your count
Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[b] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows, and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'
" My only ſon, I 'd have him ſee the world:
" His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hea
" Sir, he 's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſterer, what you pleaſe
" A perfect genius at an Opera ſong—
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" T

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: " Hic et
" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
" Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
" Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
" Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal."
[c] If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
[d] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;

You

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
" Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius aequo
" Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
" Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in aere.
" Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
" Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
" In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
" Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga laedit."
[c] Ille ferat pretium, poenae ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum; ne mea ſaevus

You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[e] In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
"

Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Aerumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Praeſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.

" Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble General, ſuch a Sot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
  f Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;

And

Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere praetor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
Verbis, quae timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid ſtas?
Poſt haec ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, " Ibit,
" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit."
  f Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles,
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſylvas Academi quaerere verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit aeſtus in arma,
Caeſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.

And certain Laws, by ſufferers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
Years following years, ſteal ſomething every day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?

But

Unde ſimul primum me demiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quae poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare cicutae,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

[h] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.
[i] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſbury ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh

[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, et ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivae prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
[i] Praeter caetera me Romaene poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v—nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, every Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

The

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Purae ſunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
[k] I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.

[l] The Man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its Pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m] The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas,

Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyrae motura ſonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romae conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?

'Twas, "Sir, your law"—"and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's ſenſe."
[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpeare, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And

[n] Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile viſu,
Caelatumque novem Muſis opus, aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat utcrque coronam.
Caedimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus:
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:

And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
P In downright charity revive the dead;

Mark

Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quaecunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtae:
P Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,

Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpake;
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
¶ If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call

Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet nova, quae genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Laudentis ſpeciem dabit, torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
¶ Praetulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,

l, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
ives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
ere liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
10, though the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
ard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
all but this, a man of ſober life,
id of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
t quite a madman, though a paſty fell,
d much too wiſe to walk into a well.
n, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
ey bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
hereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
Friends! he cry'd, p--x take you for your care!
at from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
ve bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.

Well,

---

i ſe credebat miros audire tragoedos,
vacuo laetus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro:
etera qui vitae ſervaret munia recto
ore; bonus ſane vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
mis in uxorem? poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
ſigno laeſo non inſanire lagenae:
ſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
: ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
pulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
n ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

[r] Well, on the whole, plain profe muſt be my fa
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.

[s] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the Penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.

[t] If, when the more you drink, the more you er
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

---

[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verae numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitae.
Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacituſque recordor:
[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

ıen golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil:
ve all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
ervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
ı that breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair,
n you find out one ſuch lodger there?
l, not heeding what your heart can teach,
) to church to hear theſe Flatterers preach.
:d, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
ı of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
ſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
' lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
)erty, that's your's on which you live.
ful Abs-court, if its fields afford
ruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:

All

---

ulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
ret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
nte nihil curarier: audieras, cui
i donarint, ille decedere pravam
am; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
divitiae prudentem reddere poſſent,
lum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,
in terris, te ſi quis avarior uno.
)prium eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et aere eſt,
m (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus:
)aſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbi,
getes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,

All [x] Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
His veniſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
[z] Looſe on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready,

Te dominum ſentit.

[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
[y] Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema,

Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord,
Man? and for ever? wretch! what would'ſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[a] Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heaven there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[b] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.

Why,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, et haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:

But

Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.
[b] Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, et ludere, et ungi
Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Sylveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
NATURAE DEUS HUMANAE, mortalis in unum.
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.
[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem

ut ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
ow free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
ivided between careleſſneſs and care.
'is one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
nother, not to heed to treaſure more;
lad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
nd pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Vhether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
he ſhip itſelf may make a better figure,
ut I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger;
neither ſtrut with every favouring breath,
or ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune plac'd
ehind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

But

---

ire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
iſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
iſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum
ivitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
c potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
xiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit: ego, utrum
lave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.
lon agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
lon tamen adverſis aetatem ducimus Auſtris.
iribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,

g "But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of power?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end;
Canſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn

Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

g Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te extrema levat ſpinis de pluribus una?

arn to live well, or fairly make your will;
play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
tittering on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

---

vere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
is abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius aequo
, et pulſet laſciva decentius aetas.

THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL's,
VERSIFIED.

" Quid vetat et noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes.
" Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
" Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
" Mollius?" HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry 's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Exciſe and Army in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here

SATIRE II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town: yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt,
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.

Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair: but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.

Thoſe

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means
(Starving himſelf) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.

I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Charttres,
Outcant old Eſdras, or outdrink his heir,
Outuſure Jews, or Iriſhmen outſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;

But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things outſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to outuſure Jews,
To outdrink the ſea, t' outſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;

Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft labyrinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language

Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new-benefic'd Miniſters, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs whereſoe'er he goes

Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when priſoners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought them there.
His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots Peter puts his truſt;

For

His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for meer gain: bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretiſhip hath brought them there,

For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters even to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to Janſſen punts at White's,
Or City Heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal

And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he;

Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Covenants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than Civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So

For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the dropings and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty yéar,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When Luther was profeſt, he did deſire
Short Pater-noſters, ſaying as a Fryer.

So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But having caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the Power and Glory clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.

Theſe

Each day his Beads: but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the power and glory clauſe.
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commentator goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bachanals

Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Devil would have it ſo.

But,

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,

To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:

Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
, all that lying Travellers can feign.
watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
night would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
, whom the mob, when next we find or make
opiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
l the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
uch was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
ugh coarſe, was reverend, and tho' bare, was black:
ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
s velvet in the youth of good Queen Beſs,
mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

Our

---

nger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
n Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
nger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
he Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
e had liv'd then; and without help dies,
en next the Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
, whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
by your Prieſthood, tell me what you are?
lis cloaths were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black, though bare,
veleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
ret, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
ome Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.

Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artillery of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With

The thing hath travail'd, and faith, ſpeaks all tongues
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſoldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,

With royal Favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What Speech eſteem you moſt? "The King's," ſaid I.
But the beſt words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary."
You miſs my aim! I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker?—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay

Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were

Nay troth th' Apoſtles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus, others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tower had ſtood.
" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
" Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, " Nunquam minus ſolus:"

And

Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was.
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneleſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaſte;

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And though the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He every day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk.
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.

"Lord,

No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Luteſtring ſqueaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is Kings-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechaniqute, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.

" Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, " What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;

He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to inrich me with too quick replies
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſhold traſh! of birthnights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who, in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who

And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an officer's reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .

tells what strumpet places tells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what Citizen his wife;
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth buy
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;
shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spue, fall

Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can,
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wife
Already half turn'd traitor by ſurprize.

I felt

Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of every office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then

I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd

Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw,
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come; he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.

I quak'd at heart; and, ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of Senſe:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſued th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
Itſelf o'er me; ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear

Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhow a Court in wax!
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!

Becomes the guilty, not the accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of highborn or rais'd men
Fear frowns: and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O ſun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your Waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are; their fruits baſtard all.

Such wasten noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatterer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates: they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted

'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the Preſence, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide-books,

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochinell,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to h
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt even Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!

f

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchan
The men board them: and praiſe (as they think)
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bou
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thoug
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches b
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,

Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.

Let

As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs,
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition;

Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things proteſt, proteſt:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you
If once he catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu!

Nature made every Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here 's the Captain that will plague them both
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath
The Captain 's honeſt, Sirs, and that 's enough,
Though his ſoul 's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe:

Con

And whiſpers by Jeſu ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it,
But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em bot
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſneſs good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill

mfounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
ſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
s men from Jails to execution go;
r hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
nd lin'd with Giants deadlier than them all;
ich Man an Aſkapart, of ſtrength to toſs
ır quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
ar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
nd ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
arge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!
om ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
'hoſe Satire 's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:

'Tis

---

e ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
ſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
s men from gaols to execution go,
o, through the great chamber (why is it hung,
/ith theſe ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
'hoſe Aſkaparts, men big enough to throw
haring-croſs, for a bar, men that do know,
o token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
iving; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
eas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
rown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Vhich am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be

'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains; but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what 's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With Maccabees modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

And taught his Romans, in much better met
" To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in P
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of Vice:
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy ſerv'd the Crow
Blunt could do Buſineſs, Higgins knew the
In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex,
In reverend Biſhops note ſome ſmall Neglect
And own the Spaniard did a waggiſh thing,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the K
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTU
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of S
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſor
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no mo
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thou
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe
Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankii
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no do
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at Honeſty;
A Joke on JEKYLL, or ſome odd Old Whig,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig;
A Patriot is a Fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe:
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue balance all again.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!

The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flowers of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, though the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the Nation's Senſe;
Or teach the Melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All parts perform'd, and all her Children bleſt!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
All Ties diſſolv'd, and every Sin forgiven,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!

There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court,
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sovereigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſidering what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of Vice be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Favourite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?

If

VARIATION.

Ver. 112. in ſome editions,

Who ſtarves a Mother—

If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf a
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not b
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gi

Let modeſt Foſter, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble Allen, with an aukward Sham
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fa
Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the dregs of Ea
But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore;
Let Greatneſs own her, and ſhe's mean no
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Court
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhc
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe dr
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a

Dragg'd in the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
'Tis Avarice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is ſacred now but Villainy."
Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the Sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with ſuch Giant-ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty laſh;
Even Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye reverend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who

Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who foreſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The poiſoning Dame —F. You mean— P. I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires?
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no; his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a Realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than Wretched Wild;
Or, if a Court or Country 's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter 's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then

Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) ha
Still better, Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor ri
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogue
F. Yes, ſtrike that Wild, I'll juſtify
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter think
You make men deſperate, if they once
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love th
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where
When I confeſs, there is who feels for
And melts to Goodneſs, need I Scarbo
Pleas'd let me own, in Eſher's peaceful
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelha
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my
I ſit and dream I ſee my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to Benſon
To Berkley, every Virtue under Heave
But does the Court a worthy Man re
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Lo

I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great:
Carleton's calm Senſe, and Stanhope's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous End the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbury's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tower;
How can I Pulteney, Cheſterfield forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
Argyll, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or Wyndham, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.

F. Then why ſo few commended?

P. Not

P. Not ſo fier
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe
But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be do
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds again
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the grou
The Number may be hang'd, but not be cr
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſ
Are they not rich? what more can they pr
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh
No Power the Muſe's Friendſhip can comm
No Power, when Virtue claims it, can with
To Cato, Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thou
I think your Friends are out, and would b
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go ou
The way they take is ſtrangely round abou
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll al
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo r
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply-
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham 's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert 's mighty dull.

Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
  But pray when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
  What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
  It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent General turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[In Power a Servant, out of Power a Friend]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The

The Prieſt whoſe Flattery bedropt the C
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gow
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offen
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a F
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſa
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, through Nature's Bounty or his Lo
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behin
From tail to mouth, they feed and they can
The laſt full fairly gives it to the Houſe.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—
P. So does Flattery m
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce would write
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot

VARIATION.

Ver. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could

nuſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
ſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
, good man! he has been fairly in?
alous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
ut a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
ach Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
ſe the inſult 's not on Man, but God?
you what Provocation I have had?
rong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.
, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
, as a Friend to every worthy mind;
mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
You 're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
pudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
d, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
not afraid of God, afraid of me:
from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
ouch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.
ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
ll but Heaven-directed hands deny'd,
Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
ouze the Watchmen of the public Weal,

To

To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumbering in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of K
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Pr
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.

When black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
A Monarch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Not Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

Not ſo, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Virtue's S
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of Eternity.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to ri
—With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal-touch and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let Flattery ſickening ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here, laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degenerate Line.

F. Alas; alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on Man.

MITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in every ſtreet,
And Funerals blackening all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in every place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!

"The

QUinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis ſanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorum decorat liſtoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officioſaque ſedulitas, et opella forenſis
Adducit febres, et teſtamenta reſignat.

" The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to every one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plums.
" Pray take them, Sir—Enough's a Feaſt:
" Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"—
What rob your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;

And

Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, et ſibi parcet,
Contractuſque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviſet
Cum Zephyris, ſi concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes.
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſedes.
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:

And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you 'll find in me
A ſafe Companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda raiſ'd my Strain.

Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratum?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis volpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti: paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra,

A Weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
at a Corn-loft through a Chink;
ut having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
ould not get out as he got in;
Vhich one belonging to the Houſe
'Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual-rent or two,
And liv'd —— juſt as you ſee I do;

N

Cui muſtelæ procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtine;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo fatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:

ar fifty, and without a Wife,
ruſt that Sinking Fund, my Life.
n I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
rink back to my Paternal Cell,
little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
nd, like its Maſter, very low.
here dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
nd there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
› ſet this matter full before ye,
ır old friend Swift will tell his Story.
Harley, the nation's great ſupport—"
ıt you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

ſpice, ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
rvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
i vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
enuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
arus, &c.

The latter Part of SATIRE VI*.

O Charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And even the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?

Whether

O noctes coenaeque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne

* See the firſt part in Swift's Poems.

Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
  Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extremely "à propos:"
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, "coute qui coute."
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe,

Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Carvius haec inter vicinus garrit anilis
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum, quid multa? neque illi
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:

Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his Gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with Men:
"Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learn'd at Court.)"
The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.

Aw

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta

Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkin 's white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, " tête à tête."
Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" Que ça eſt bon! Ah goutez ça!

" That

Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,

" That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, bonisque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus, tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur arvo.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
ıot now, alas! the man
in the gentle Reign of my Queen Anne.
und no more thy ſoft alarms,
circle ſober fifty with thy Charms:
:r too fierce of dear Deſires!
n, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
umber five direct your Doves,
re ſpread round Murray all your blooming Loves;
Noble

Ad VENEREM.

:RMISSA, Venus, diu
rſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
ım qualis eram bonae
regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
ſaeva Cupidinum,
a luſtra decem flectere mollibus
ırum imperiis: abi
blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
:ſtivius in domum
lli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There,

Commiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiae

There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul;
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow through th' extended Dream;

Now

Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Now, now I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
  And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
  Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
  And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
  Jam captum teneo, jám volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Part of the NINTH ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;
Though daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—
Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;

Theſe,

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;
Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:
Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,

Theſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Thoſe, new Heavens and Syſtems fram'd.
Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died;
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

MISCELLANIES.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
"And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
"Take at this hand celeſtial arms.

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
"This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
"And if a Vice dares keep the field,
"This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

"What Well? what Weapon? (Flavia cries)
"A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
"It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
"I gave it you to write again.

"But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
"You 'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
"Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
"L——— and all about your ears

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib.

" Athenian Queen! and ſober charms!
" I tell you, fool, there 's nothing in 't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you 'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
" I'll lift you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER,

SENT to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that cloſ'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Intereſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;

Or,

Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul Supreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, and Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Evening-walk with Bay
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe);
Ev'n now, obſerves of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPIS-

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEAR 1720.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Tranſlation of FRESNO Art of Painting.

THIS Epiſtle, and the two following, were wri ſome years before the reſt, and originally pri in 1717.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refu
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine through long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and ligh
How oft in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art!

I

ow oft review; each finding like a friend
mething to blame, and ſomething to commend!
What flattering ſcenes our wandering fancy wrought,
me's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
ogether o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
r'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
ith thee on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
r wait inſpiring Dreams at Maro's Urn;
ith thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
r ſeek ſome Ruin's formidable ſhade:
hile Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
nd builds imaginary Rome anew.
ere thy well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
fading Freſco here demands a ſigh:
ach heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
latch Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
arracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
ulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
his ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the work of years!
et ſtill how faint by precept is expreſs'd
he living image in the painter's breaſt!
hence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
rike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
hence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
n Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
hoſe tears eternal that embalm the dead;
all round her Tomb each object of deſire,
ach purer frame inform'd with purer fire:

Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh, laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains!
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTI

EPISTLE

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in every line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſs,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
In every ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.

Let

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your Sex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made fools by Shame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chace,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuffering Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.

The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched Thing!

Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Dutcheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes in France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes in Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

* Mademoiſelle Paulet.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd, not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Opera, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow Clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'Squire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.
Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack:

Who

Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, though his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.

In ſome fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on every green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plague'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you.
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE, AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE Baſſet-Table ſpread, the Tallier come;
Why ſtays Smilinda in the Dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive Nymph; the Tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my Sharper is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind Ombrelia's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſtening Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad Deal, Three Septlevas have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad Deal were gone;
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The Knave of Clubs thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
She all the cares of Love and Play does know:
Dear Betty ſhall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By Cards, Ill-Uſage, or by Lovers loſt.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this Equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See, on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-caſe;
Jove, Jove himſelf does on the Sciſſars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This Snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At Corticelli's he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:
Hazardia bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This Snuff-box,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine:
This Snuff-box will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.
And oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal Card.
In Complaiſance, I took the Queen he gave;
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the Knave.
The Knave won Sonica, which I had choſe;
And the next Pull, my Septleva I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing Fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An awkward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Her Shape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my intereſt, Cozens made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Favourite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known Falſehoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is Warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on Baſſet, and remain unwarm'd?
When Kings, Queens, Knaves, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright Confuſion open Rouleaus lie,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein,
Look upon Baſſet, you who reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if reaſon muſt not there be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, he loves!
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe my Memory of my former Fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.

Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd Bullies play,
Some Dukes at Marybone bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares
To Baſſet's heavenly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a Beau;
Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at Show,
Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The Equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's Side:
The Snuff-box to Cardelia I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame Juſtice paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays Juſtice) take you each a Shell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis'nt) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies,
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and You,

Occaſioned

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by every Foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Beliſarius old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?

Such

ı, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons riſe,
:n preſs'd by want and weakneſs Dennis lies;
nis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
ir Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
:ſperate Bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and fierce
inſt the Gothic Sons of frozen verſe:
' chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
ſhook the ſtage with Thunders all his own!
d up to daſh each vain Pretender's hope,
ıl the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
ere's a Briton then, true bred and born,
› holds Dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſcorn;
ıere's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
ıere's a Senior, who contemns this age;
him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
. be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's Friend.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
as all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steel.
e Ends of verſe his Betters might afford;
l gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
ıp with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
. with a borrow'd Play out-did poor Crown.

There

There he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the Wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her Simplicity:
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But juſt endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
And in four Months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

To

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Perſon of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLuttering ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth:
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Watering ſoft Elyſian Plains.

VI.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flowery Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COUR

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave through Pride, nor gay through Folly
An equal Mixture of Good-humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLE, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, and MINERALS.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour through the ſhadowy Cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral Roofs diſtil,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gems no Ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, ST. JOHN ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot through MARCHMOHT'S Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH, be thou bleſt with all that Heaven can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let every bleſſing through,
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm every thought, inſpirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or Ecſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Die, by ſome ſudden Ecſtaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a Sigh of Love.

To

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN, On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair Account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet fingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, though old, proclaims him ſtout,
Aud grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

EPITAPHS.

" His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
" Munere!" VIR

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pri
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, though ſanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, though ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satiriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patrons ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

II. (

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who, having reſigned his place, died in his Retirement at Eaſt-hamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but moderate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A generous Faith, from Superſtition free:
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!

Who

Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,
In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VARIATION.

It is as follows on the Monument in the Abbey erected to Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy Shakeſpeare place thy honour'd buſt,
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that, timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life;
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heaven, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Siſter MARY, erected by their Father the LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſufferings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:

Go,

Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER, In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHER

In Weſtminſter Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt m
Thy Country's friend, but more of human-ki
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Veteran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTO

At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles ca
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept ſacred from the Proud and Gr
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,

Cal

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour tempering virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—Here lies GAY.

Another.

WELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honeſt Jack:
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XXX.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWT

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
God ſaid, Let Newton be! and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBU

Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arm
mediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee hi

DIALOGUE.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will
ix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
on Earth, one care, one wiſh beſide?
AVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV.

DMOND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

o died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

deſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
every opening Virtue blooming round,
ve a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
ne Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
eping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
told, how many hopes lie here!
ag Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
ate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
r Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
he ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
he milder Merit of the Heart;
iefs or Sages long to Britain given,
laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

XV. For

XV.

For One who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay of the Mortal within
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall b

XVI.

Lord CONINGSBY's EPITAP

HERE lies Lord Coningſby—be civil;
The reſt God knows—ſo does the Devil.

On BUTLER's MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE *.

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield juſtly pay'd,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's ſhade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name ſo mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be ſeen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakeſpeare in Weſtminſter-Abbey, has ſufficiently ſhewn his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is ſubſtituted in the place of "The cloud-capt towers, &c."

"Thus Britain lov'd me; and preſerv'd my fame,
"Clear from a Barber's or a Benſon's name."
A. POPE.

Pope might probably have ſuppreſſed his ſatire on the Alderman, becauſe he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correſpondents; though in the 4th Book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous ſtroke at him:

"So by each bard an Alderman ſhall ſit,
"A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every wit." S.

To

To Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE *.

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight,

* This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been ſuppreſſed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having ſatirized him in her verſes to the imitator of Horace; which abuſe he returned in the firſt Satire of the ſecond book of Horace.

"From furious Sappho, ſcarce a milder fate,
"P—'d by her love, or libel'd by her hate." S.

And

And ſages agree
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt of poſſeſſors the right,

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Reſume the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?

The FOURTH EPISTLE of the FIRST BOOK of HORACE's EPISTLES *.

A MODERN IMITATION.

SAY †, St. John, who alone peruſe
With candid eye, the mimic Muſe,
What ſchemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or ſhoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they riſe?"
Or, urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
‡ Does St. John Greenwich ſports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' ſelf is ſcarce a name.

---

* This ſatire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praiſe beſtowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardſon, where Mr. Pope ſays

"The ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were his foes;"

being ſo contradictory, probably occaſioned the former to be ſuppreſſed. S.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

† Albi, noſtrorum ſermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Caſſi Parmenſia opuſcula vincat?
‡ An tacitam ſilvas inter [illegible] ſalubres?

To

* To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
† What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
‡ Amidst thy various ebbs of fear;
And gleaming hope, and black despair,
Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
‖ That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In spight of fears, of mercy spight,
My genius still must rail, and write.

---

* ——— Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

† Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat, & cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
——— non deficiente crumena?

‡ Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras.

‖ Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem, & nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

Haſte to thy Twickenham's ſafe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by ſpleen, you 'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We 'll ridicule both church and ſtate.

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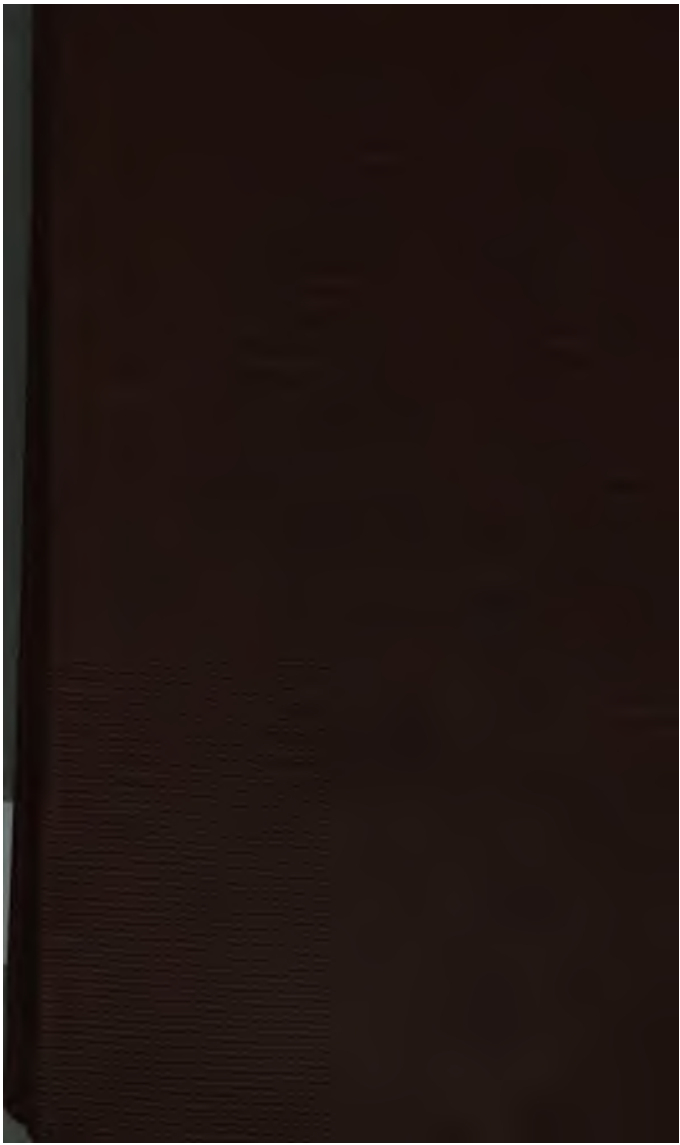
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